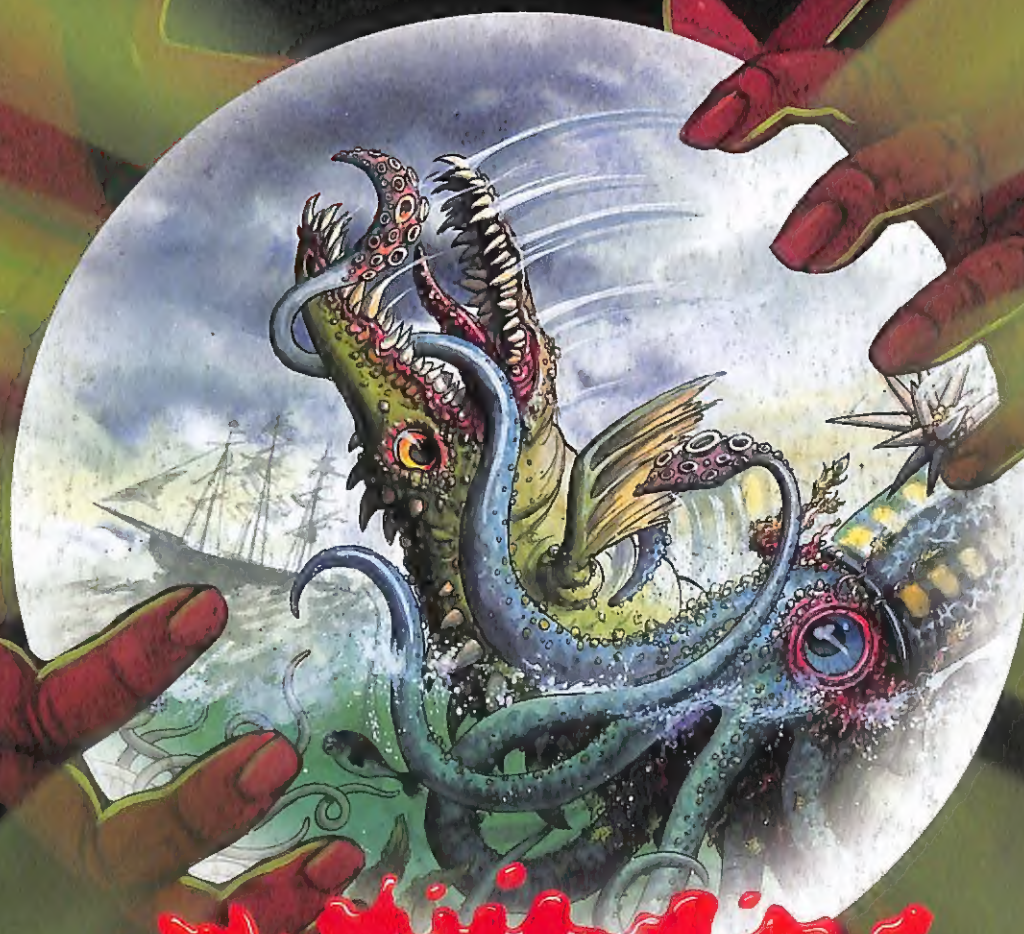


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33



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THE
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SUPER SCARY STORY
The Bone Box

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Russia
A Deadly Case!

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Chislehurst Caves

CLASSIC SERIAL
The Middle Toe of the Right Foot
Chapter 1

PUZZLES
Witches' Brew

THE UNEXPLAINED
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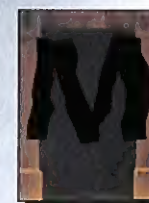
STRANGE BUT TRUE
War of the Worlds

CLASSIC SERIAL
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PUZZLES
Creatures of the Deep

THE UNEXPLAINED
USOs

DEAD LETTER OFFICE



Mindy watched her dad load the battered, rusty metal
trunk he'd bought in the flea market into the back of
their pick-up truck. "I know you always say there's no
such thing as junk, Dad," she said, eyeing the trunk.
"But this seems pretty close."

Her father slammed the tailgate closed. "On the contrary,
young lady. This trunk is a real find – 1930s, I'd say. With some
work, it should fetch a good price in the shop."

Mindy's father was an antiques dealer and on weekends he
and Mindy would wander through flea markets and car boot
sales in search of treasures.

"So where are we going next?" she asked, settling into the
passenger seat.

"There's an estate sale over in Lewisville," he said, driving
from the car park. "The man who passed away was the
postmaster here in Fayette for forty years before he retired. I
understand the old guy collected all kinds of memorabilia from
the post office. It might be interesting."



Sure enough, when Mindy and her dad returned home, the pick-up was full of stuff from the old postmaster's collection, along with other odds and ends.

"I'll bring the trunk," Mindy's dad said, lifting the ancient-looking chest into the shed where he stored his new finds. "Could you bring in those old postal sacks?"



"Sure, Dad," she answered. With a grunt, her father placed the trunk on the floor in a corner. Mindy then dumped the postal sacks on top of it. Neither of them noticed that an envelope had fallen to the floor.



The next day, Mindy and her best friend, Chelsea, were in the storage shed looking at some old photos in antique silver frames. Mindy had just commented on how weirdly people dressed in the early 1900s when the frame she was holding slipped from her hand. As she bent over to pick it up, she noticed an envelope lying beside the rusting trunk.

"I wonder what this is?" Mindy murmured, picking it up.

"It's just some old letter," Chelsea said,

obviously not particularly interested.

"That's weird..." Mindy observed, "According to the postmark, this letter is over forty years old, but it's never been opened." She held the envelope up to the light. "The letter's still inside it. Maybe it just got stuck between a couple of sacks of mail and was never delivered."

"Where was it addressed to?" Chelsea asked, her curiosity growing. "Maybe we could actually take it there. Wouldn't that be wild? We might even get our picture in the newspaper for finally delivering a forty-year-old letter!"

Mindy studied the address, written in faded blue ink. The handwriting was small and ornate, making it difficult to read.

"It's addressed to a Miss Carmela Barnes at 553 Oakdale Avenue, here in Fayette."

Chelsea shrugged. "So much for that. There aren't any houses on Oakdale Avenue any more. It's all shops and businesses now."

"In that case," Mindy grinned, "I guess it's OK to open it." Ripping the envelope, she unfolded a single sheet of paper. "This handwriting is the pits!" she exclaimed.

"But what does it say?" Chelsea pressed, leaning over to see the letter.

"Wow!" Mindy's eyes widened. "Listen to this: *My dearest Carmela. The crime is done. But knowing that we can now spend our lives together makes everything all right...*" She paused. "Hmmm, I can't really make this line out," she said, squinting at the small script. "Anyway, this is the important part: *Soon we will have everything we've ever wanted. As we planned, I'll have to go away for a while until I am sure there is no suspicion. I've hidden the booty in the house where no one else could ever find it.*" Mindy looked at her friend, whose eyes were now as wide as

hers. "Then it goes on to say something about the fireplace, and it's just signed with the letter D."

Chelsea looked confused. "What's booty?" she asked.

"Money!" Mindy declared. "Or at least, something pretty valuable. Don't you get it? Whoever wrote this letter had stolen something and hidden it in his house. Maybe it's still there."

"No way," Chelsea said, shaking her head, "because if all this is true, I bet old D spent the booty ages ago."

"Maybe... maybe not," Mindy answered with an impish grin. "It's like an old mystery, and I think we should try to solve it. This return address isn't far from here," she said, excitedly. "Let's check it out."



After just a fifteen-minute bike ride, the girls stood on the pavement in front of the old letter's return address at 427 Broadmore Lane. It turned out to be a dilapidated, two-storey house with peeling paint. The shutters were closed – except for one that dangled from an upstairs window – and the roof sagged all over. Mindy leaned her bike against the fence and tugged open the gate.

The hinges squealed as if they were in pain.

"Can I help you girls?" a woman called out to them from the other side of the street.

Mindy turned to the woman who approached. "We're trying to find out about the man who owned this place," she answered, half lying. "My dad buys and sells antiques, and I think we may have something that once belonged to him."

"Several people have rented the place," the woman replied, "but the owner is a woman. She lives out in Connecticut. I keep an eye on the house for her."

Mindy tried again. "This guy would have lived here in about 1955. And his name started with a D."

"Oh, you mean Daniel Matheson," the woman responded without hesitation. "Yes, he did once own this house. But he died in a tragic train crash back in '55 – I was little more than a child at the time."



"Oh, how terrible," Mindy said, casting a meaningful glance over at her friend.

"Sad really... and kind of bizarre," the woman continued. "His parents had died earlier in a car crash. Anyway, they left the estate to his elder sister, who ran off with some salesman. The house then went to Daniel, but he was so upset by everything that had happened, he closed the house and went away for months. That's when the train crash happened, so the house went to his cousin Mildred."

The woman shrugged. "She's never even come out to look at the place. After the estate was settled, Mildred tried to sell it, but no one has ever been interested. The place has a funny feel to it. Some houses have that, you know."

She gazed up at the shuttered windows and rubbed her arms as if she felt a chill.

"Can't keep the place rented out, either. Not for long, anyway. Every tenant has left suddenly without giving any explanation."

"I wonder why?" Mindy mused.

"Well, one couple claimed to hear strange noises late at night," the woman replied. "But that's all they'd say."

Mindy tugged at Chelsea's shirt-sleeve.

"We really ought to be going now."

"Er, OK," Chelsea agreed.

"Well, I hope I've been of some help," the woman smiled.

"Oh, you really have!" said Mindy, "Thank you!"

Once round the corner, Mindy stopped her bike. Chelsea braked, too.

"I've just had an idea," Mindy announced. "Let's hide our bikes here, then sneak back to the house and take a

look around." But Chelsea wasn't keen.

"What for?" she asked. "It's abandoned."

"Because whatever Daniel Matheson hid is still in there," Mindy explained. "He said in the letter he was going away. That's probably when he got killed. We also know that his girlfriend never got his letter, so she never found out about the money!"

"But if there is any money in there, then it's *stolen* money," Chelsea pointed out. "Shouldn't we just go and tell the police?"

"No," Mindy objected. "Whoever it was stolen from probably doesn't even think about it any more. It's like buried treasure – and it was us who discovered the letter with the clue in it!"



hough not entirely convinced, Chelsea agreed to go along with her friend. The girls made their way back to the house, keeping close to the hedge so as not to be seen. Then they slipped over the low fence and began to search for a way in.

"Here," Mindy finally whispered as she tugged on the cellar door.

"There's a rusty old lock, but the wood around it is rotten. I think I can..."

With a dull groan, the wood gave way and the old door fell open. A rickety staircase

disappeared down into the shadowy cellar and Chelsea, feeling nervous, mumbled, "You first, Mindy!"

Mindy nodded, pulling out the penlight torch that she kept on her key ring.



Carefully, she crept down the creaking stairs to the bare stone floor below, followed extremely closely by Chelsea.

The air in the cellar felt thick and clammy. The only sound was a slow, steady drip of water. Mindy's torch beam found a wide, waterstained patch of mildew-covered wall and ceiling. A droplet of water fell into a murky puddle that seemed to cover most of the the cellar floor.

"Oh, great," Mindy grumbled. "We're going to have to wade through that lot!"

Chelsea shrugged. "Come on. If we're going to do this, let's get it over with."

The girls tiptoed across the wet floor, their trainers making squishy sounds in the muck. They had almost reached the stairs to the floor above when Mindy's foot slipped from under her. As she grabbed at the rough bannister, she fell to her knees on a lower step.

Just then, something let out a harsh squeal, leaped on to her leg, then dropped into the puddle with a splash. Mindy gasped, then turned her torch just in time to see a huge rat racing into the shadows.

"Yeeurgh!" she screeched.

"Let's get out of here!" Chelsea cried.

"No, wait!" Mindy protested, getting back on her feet. "Look!" She lit the area at the top of the stairs, where the door to the ground floor stood invitingly open. "Let's just see what's up there."

Chelsea sighed and followed Mindy to the ground floor. It was gloomy and grim, but a little daylight slipped through gaps in the closed shutters, making patterns of light on the walls. The girls stopped at the threshold. The floor was thick with dust, and cobwebs hung eerily from every corner. In the deep silence, Mindy could almost hear her heart pounding.

As she carefully stepped into the middle of the room, she thought: "It knows we're here!" She tried – without success – to fight the sensation that the house itself was watching them. She remembered the neighbour shivering and saying that the house had a funny feel to it.

"It's seriously creepy in here," Chelsea whispered, as if reading her thoughts.

Mindy nodded, looked around slowly, then pulled the letter from her pocket and studied it once more.

"There's something in the letter about the fireplace," she said, looking at the opposite wall where there was a carved wooden mantelpiece. Beneath it was a big opening lined with flame-blackened tiles.

The girls stepped closer to the fireplace and Mindy shone her torch inside. It



was large enough for someone to actually fit inside it – if they crouched down. Mindy swiped at the cobwebs with the letter, then crawled in to investigate more closely.

"I can't see anything," she said, then stopped. The tiles on the inner left wall of the fireplace looked newer, and were not covered with soot. Some of these cleaner tiles had come loose and fallen away.

"There's something behind here!" Mindy yelled excitedly, pulling one of the tiles loose.

"What is it?" Chelsea asked, squeezing an arm in and helping to pull off the tiles.



The girls swiftly exposed a small, rough wooden door that was locked shut with a metal hook. Mindy pried at the hook and it finally popped open. For an instant, she thought she could hear a rustling noise from behind the door and she whispered, "What was that?"

"What was what?" asked Chelsea, looking at her friend uneasily.

Mindy pushed at the door. The rusted hinges resisted for a moment, then screeched open. Shining her torch into what appeared to be a brick chamber about the size of a walk-in cupboard, Mindy felt her courage draining away.

"It smells really vile," Chelsea groaned. "Do you think there are rats in there?"

"I-I d-don't know," Mindy stammered. Gathering her nerve, she inched forward, saying, "Let's just take a quick look..."

Once through the low door, Mindy stood still, clutching the letter. Chelsea wriggled after her and the two huddled together as Mindy shone her torch round the tiny room.

"Look!" Chelsea cried, pointing to something hidden under a blanket in the corner. "That's it! That's the booty!"

Mindy smiled uncertainly and stepped towards the long, dark object. She reached out her hand, then stopped and drew back a little. Something wasn't right.

"Go ahead, Mindy!" Chelsea urged.

Once again Mindy touched the edge of the blanket, then slowly – very, very slowly – she pulled it back.

Without warning, a pale, lifeless hand darted out from under the blanket and gripped Mindy's wrist! A scream of horror rose in her throat and she struggled like a trapped animal to pull away her arm. But whatever had her in its grasp held her with tremendous power.

"Mindy!" Chelsea shrieked, unable to see what had struck such terror into her friend. "What's going on?"

Just then, the putrid blanket fell away and both girls could see the loathsome creature that it had concealed. Slowly, a skeletal being rose out of the shadows while Mindy and Chelsea cringed in fear and backed away.

The creature's head was little more than a skull, with a brittle cascade of what was once long, blond hair. Its mouth opened and it rasped in a dry, unearthly voice, "I've waited so long for that door to be opened. From the moment I awoke to find my murderous brother sealing me alive in this cursed tomb, I have refused, by my will alone, to accept death. And now..."

"Run!" screamed Mindy. But just as the terrified girls lunged towards the open door, it swung shut and the metal latch fell closed.

"No, no!" Chelsea screamed, throwing herself at the door.

"Oh, yes!" sneered the hideous cadaver, who then threw back its head and shuddered with demented laughter. "Now you are both trapped with me. Do you imagine that I didn't scream and pound on that door? But no one heard me, just as no one will hear you. And even though I seem fated to remain in this place, at least I will no longer be alone."

"We've got to do something, Mindy!" Chelsea wailed, struggling to open the door. "Help me!"

Hot tears rolled from Mindy's eyes as she saw the remains of old, blood-stained scratches where someone else had once tried to claw her way to freedom. She saw

something else, too. The letter had fallen open to the floor and she was able to read the last few lines once again. Then, as realisation dawned, something inside Mindy's mind snapped and she, too began to laugh insanely. Only now did she understand the mindbending truth that it hadn't been the *booty* that Daniel Matheson had hidden before he'd left his house, never to return... it had been the *body*.

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD



SpineChiller travels to Turkey for a taste of its magic and mystery...



SOFT ROCK

Nowhere in the world besides Turkey can you find weird volcanic

landscapes in the shape of pointed spires, chimneys, ice cream cones and toadstools! The central region of Cappadocia is famous for its soft volcanic rock, called tuff, which has eroded over thousands of years to form the bizarre shapes. People actually live inside the tuff, some of which has been hollowed out to make houses.



HEADS YOU LOSE!

In ancient Turkey, if the ammo ran out when your city was under attack, it was common practice to cut off the heads of your slain enemies and hurl them over the city walls as a horrible warning to your attackers!

ENTER THE GHOSTLY ARMY

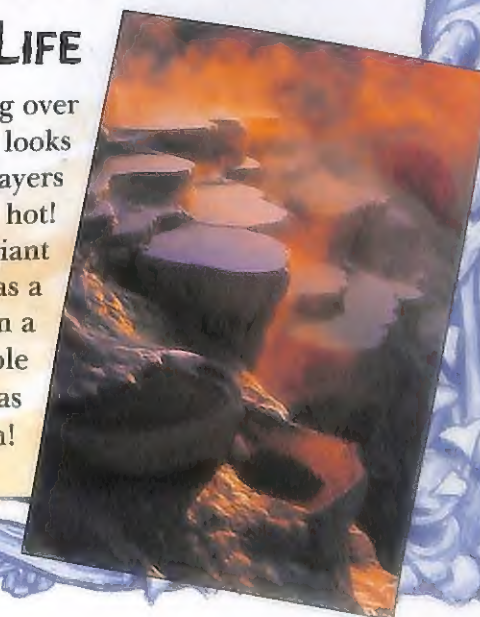
In 1098, the Crusaders' army besieged the city of Antioch. When a traitorous guard gave them the key to the city, the Crusaders stormed in and killed the inhabitants. But as there was now no food in the city, the starving Crusaders were soon reduced to boiling tree bark and chewing leather just to stay alive.

When news arrived of a mighty Muslim army approaching, the Crusaders were in no shape to fight. But just then – according to legend – an ancient spear, believed to be a holy relic, was unearthed in Antioch. The tattered remains of the Crusaders' army carried the Holy Spear high and marched out of Antioch towards the attacking army.

Then suddenly, 'there appeared from the mountains a countless host of men on white horses, whose banners were all white'. The Crusaders were amazed to see that an army of ghosts had come to their aid. The Turkish army also saw this ghostly army of thousands, and fled from Antioch!

LAYERS OF LIFE

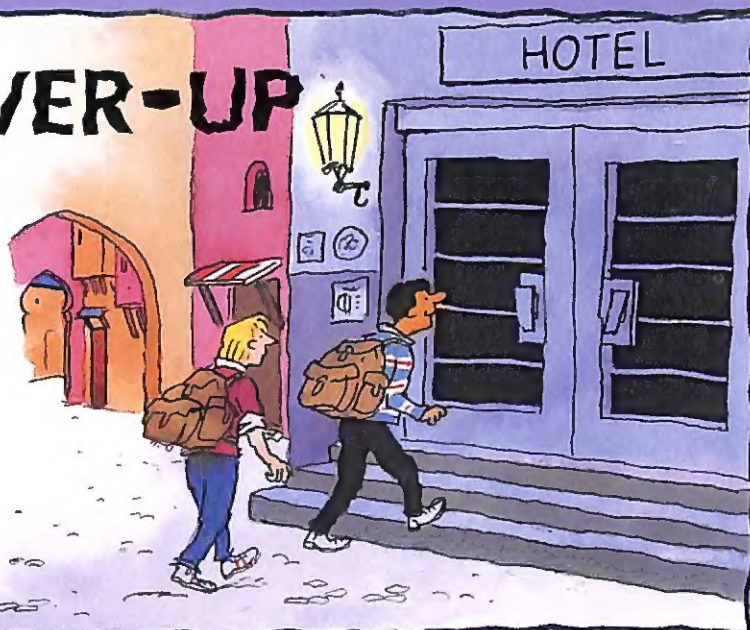
This weird, layered landscape stretching over 100m down a cliff face in southern Turkey looks like a frozen paddy field. But in fact, the layers are completely natural and the water is hot! The wonderland of white stalactites and giant gutters have formed over the centuries as a result of warm salty water spilling over from a spring at the top of the cliff. Today, people flock to the Pamukkale, or 'cotton castle' as it is known, for a relaxing hot bath!



KEBAB COVER-UP

A friend of a friend went on a sightseeing holiday to Istanbul...

1 The flight arrived late so Peter, and a fellow traveller he had just met on the plane, headed downtown and booked into a cheap hotel for the night.



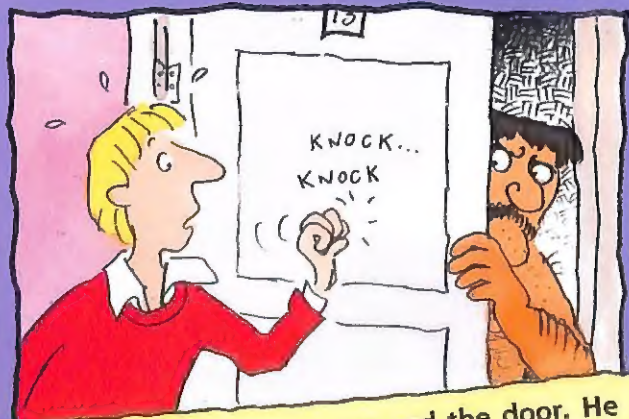
2 After unpacking, they headed for the hotel canteen. Peter ordered fish and chips and his friend ordered a kebab.



3 Feeling rather tired and full after their meal, they went to their rooms and agreed to meet up the next morning to go sightseeing.



4 Peter woke up at the crack of dawn. Keen to start the day, he went to wake up his friend.



5 To his horror, a stranger opened the door. He didn't speak much English but managed to inform Peter that his friend was not in the room and that he had moved in that morning.

6 Peter checked that he had got the room number right but when he peered inside he noticed that the wallpaper had changed.



7 Puzzled, he ran to the receptionist to see if she could solve the mystery.



8 The receptionist nervously explained that he had checked out first thing and left for the airport in a hurry.



9 But when Peter rang the airline they had no record. Despairing, he called in the Turkish police.



10 The hotel manager cracked under questioning and admitted that Peter's companion had caught food poisoning from his doner kebab, was violently sick in his room and died.



11 Staff disposed of his body in a laundry basket, re-papered the room and moved in a new guest (one of their own staff) to try to convince Peter that he was going mad.





THE WAR OF THE WORLDS

Special Investigation File: 33

Subject: Martian invasion threats
Place: UK and USA

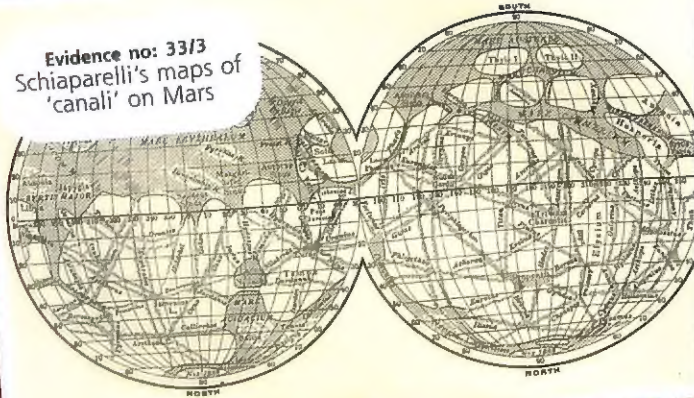
SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

From the late 19th century many people – including some serious astronomers – began to believe that there might be life on Mars. Almost as soon as the suggestion had been made, reports of alien spaceship sightings began to pour in to the authorities, especially in the USA.

The idea also inspired novelists such as Englishman HG Wells and American Edgar Rice Burroughs. Using their vivid imaginations, they described the planet's supposed inhabitants in convincing detail. In one book, 'The War of the Worlds' (1898), Wells also imagined a Martian invasion of Surrey in England. A play based on this story was broadcast on American radio on 30 October 1938. Then the trouble really started.

Evidence no: 33/3
Schiaparelli's maps of 'canali' on Mars



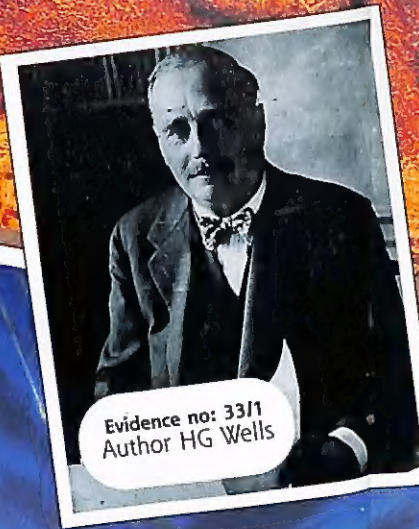
IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

Three 19th-century astronomers stirred up interest in life on Mars:

1 In 1860, Frenchman Emmanuel Liais put forward the idea that apparent brown and green patches on Mars were moss-like plants changing colour with the seasons. This seemed to prove that the planet could support life of some kind.

2 In 1877, Italian Giovanni Schiaparelli published maps showing 40 lines on Mars' surface. Schiaparelli called the lines 'canali', meaning channels. But the word was translated into English as 'canals', suggesting that they formed an artificial network for carrying water.

3 In 1894, American Percival Lowell developed this idea. He thought that Mars was in the grip of a severe drought. For this reason, he said, the Martians had constructed about 500 'canals' to bring water from the frozen poles to the central, crop-growing regions of their planet.



Evidence no: 33/1
Author HG Wells



Evidence no: 33/2
An illustration from HG Wells' book 'The War of the Worlds'

INVESTIGATOR'S REPORT

Subject: airship sightings

Place: USA

Date: 1896-1897

During the above year, rumours spread that a Martian spacecraft was flying across the USA from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast. Reports of sightings came in thick and fast. Some were extraordinary – a Michigan man claimed that he was ordered to send coffee and egg salad sandwiches up to the spaceship in a basket!

There is no real evidence for any of these events. They were probably prompted both by astronomer Percival Lowell's investigations and by hoaxers deliberately stirring up a sensational story.

November 1938

Dear Rita

We had a real scare here in New Jersey last month. The Mercury Theater of the Air was broadcasting its production of 'The War of the Worlds', directed by the famous actor Orson Welles. Well, many listeners thought Martians really had landed and were exterminating Americans with death rays! Hundreds of people rushed into the streets screaming, headed to churches to pray or called the police.

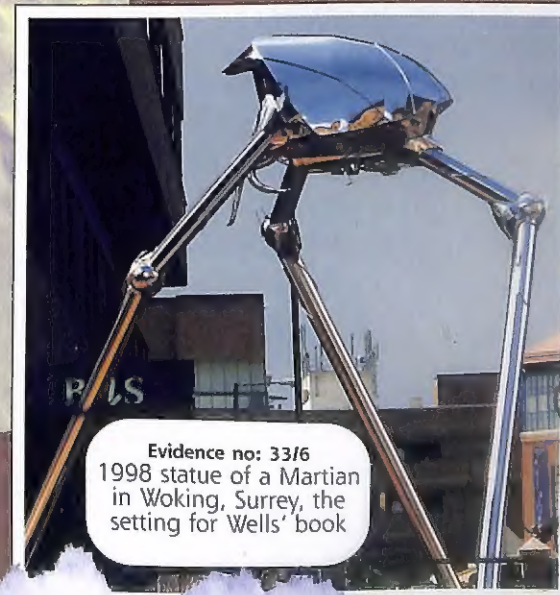
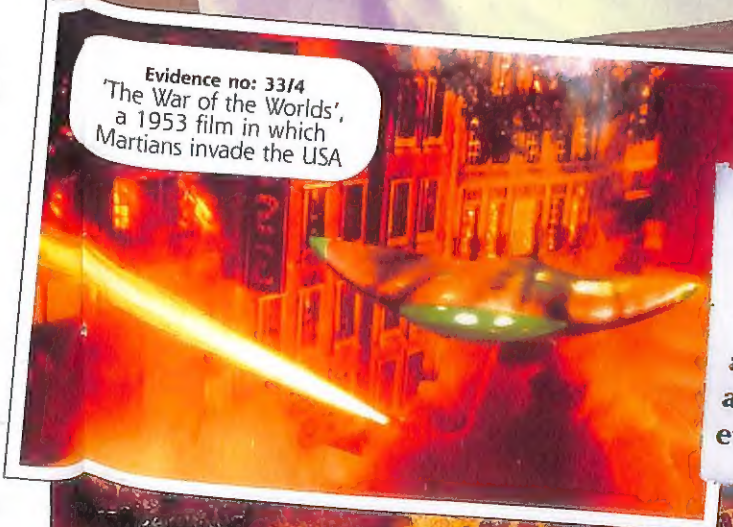
Can you believe it? Commentators are now saying that people became hysterical because they are afraid of the war that seems to be on its way in Europe. Let's hope it doesn't happen.

Your friend, Dorothy



Evidence no: 33/5
Actor and director Orson Welles

Evidence no: 33/4
'The War of the Worlds', a 1953 film in which Martians invade the USA



Evidence no: 33/6
1998 statue of a Martian in Woking, Surrey, the setting for Wells' book

Confidential

CONCLUSION

Since the 1930s, scientists have shown there is no life on Mars now. But experiments on two 'Viking' spacecraft in 1976 proved Mars' atmosphere once contained more water, so aliens could have lived there. But there is no evidence that they ever landed on Earth!



Chapter 2

The Signal-man

Retold from a story by Charles Dickens

The signal-man went on to tell me that the next time he had seen the mysterious figure by the railway tunnel, it did not cry out or wave its arm. Instead, it covered its face with its hands, as if in mourning.

"Did you go up to it?" I asked, as I sat by the fire in the signal-box, beneath the deep, gloomy railway cutting. This was my second visit. As it was late at night, the place seemed even less welcoming than before.

"No. I felt faint so I came in here to recover," he replied. "When I went back to the door and looked out, the ghost – for such, I believe, the figure was – was gone."

"And nothing more came of it?" I said.

The signal-man looked grim. "On the contrary. That same day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed anxious passengers

waving desperately from a carriage window. I was just in time to signal to the driver to stop. He at once shut off steam and put on his brake. As the train pulled up, I ran after it and heard terrible cries. A passenger had died and was carried here, into the signal-box."

I listened, stunned and unable to speak for a moment. My mouth felt dry. Outside, the wind and telegraph wires wailed eerily.

"It's true, I tell you. That's exactly how it happened," insisted the signal-man. "But that's not the worst of it. The spectre returned a week ago. Since then it has appeared at the red light by the tunnel several times."

"What does it do?" I asked, breaking a thoughtful silence.

In answer, the signal-man explained

once more how the mysterious figure screened its eyes with one arm and waved violently, crying: 'For pity's sake, clear the way!'

At least now I could understand why the signal-man was so disturbed.

"I have no peace or rest," he said, desperately. "The figure stands waving and ringing my telegraph bell. And it calls out to me: 'Hello! Below there! Look out!' in an agonised manner."

Suddenly, I remembered something odd.

"Did it ring the bell when I was here yesterday evening, causing you to go to the door?"

"Twice," nodded the signal-man.

"Why, that proves your imagination is playing tricks," I cried, "because I swear the bell did not ring at either time."

The signal-man, not so easily convinced, shook his head. He assured me that he had not been mistaken.

"The ghost's ring is a strange vibration in the telegraph bell," he said. "I'm not surprised you failed to hear it. But I certainly did."

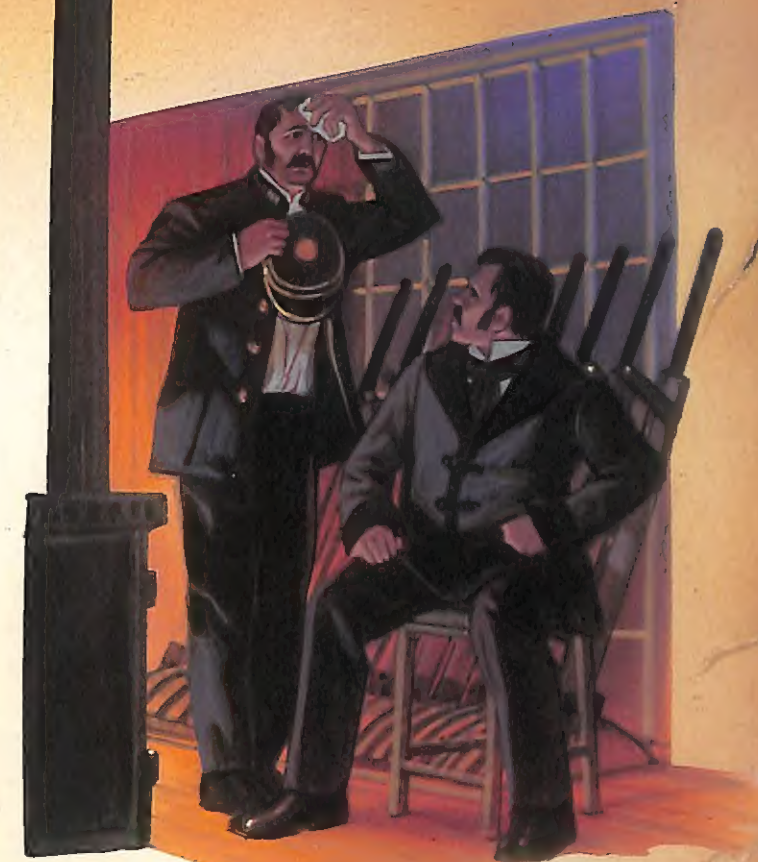
"And was the spectre there, by the tunnel, when you looked out yesterday?" I asked.

"Both times," came the firm reply.

I had an idea. "Will you come and look for it now?" I said.

The signal-man bit his lip and unwillingly followed me to the door. Beyond was the red danger light and the black, gaping mouth of the tunnel. There, too, were the high, wet stone walls of the cutting, with the stars above them. But of the spectre, there was no sign. Yet, when we went back into the box, the signal-man was no less troubled.

"What is it trying to warn me about? Where is the danger?" he said, desperation



in his anguished gaze. "I'm sure this third time will lead to another terrible disaster, like the two before. But what can I do?" He wiped beads of fearful perspiration from his forehead with his handkerchief.

"If I telegraph a danger warning without any reason, I'll lose my job," he went on. "If only the figure would tell me where and when any accident was to happen. Then it might be avoided."

All I could do was to talk to the signal-man, reassuring him and reasoning with him, until he finally calmed down. I even offered to stay until morning, but he would not hear of it. So I left him in that dismal cutting. While I climbed the pathway out, I looked back to the forbidding tunnel and the red light. There was something about it that I did not like and I was thankful my lodgings lay well beyond its glow.

But now my own thoughts worried me. The signal-man had sworn me to secrecy. I could not betray his trust. But was he in a fit state to continue working in such isolation?

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.



WORD POWER

eerily – in a weird way; mysteriously

agonised – indicating suffering or sorrow; anguished

anguished – indicating suffering or sorrow; agonised

clammy – damp and sticky

Would it be wiser, safer, if others knew the truth? My mind raced. But, finally, I settled on what to do. I would offer to accompany him to seek, in strict confidence, the best medical opinion.

The signal-man would be off-duty shortly after dawn. I had agreed to meet him again when he returned to his box, after dusk. I would speak to him then about my plan.

It was a lovely evening as I set off for that meeting with the signal-man. The sun was sinking when I reached the path near the top of the deep railway cutting. I was an hour early, so I decided to walk on a while, before making my way back. First, though, on an impulse, I stepped closer to the place above the cutting where I had originally seen the signal-man.

A sudden, shocking dread gripped me. I could hardly believe my eyes. Below, by the railway tunnel, I spotted what looked like the figure of a man. His left sleeve was across his eyes and his right arm waved urgently. But my horror passed when I realised that the man was real enough. He seemed to be demonstrating something to others nearby. The light by the tunnel had not been lit. But close to it was something I had not seen before. It was a tarpaulin-covered frame, no bigger than a bed.

I felt cold, and my hands were clammy. Something was wrong. A guilty fear welled up within me. I should never have left the signal-man there, all alone. I should have alerted some other railway worker, who could have checked that he was fit to remain on duty. With growing panic, I hurried down the narrow path towards the men.

"What's wrong?" I called, breathlessly.

"Signal-man killed this morning," came the crushing reply.

"Not the man from this signal-box?"

"Yes," nodded the group's spokesman.

He approached the frame and lifted the tarpaulin.

"You'll recognise him, then?" he asked. "Weird business. He was cut down by an engine in broad daylight, with a lamp in his hand, too. His back was towards the engine."

The words sounded distant, unreal.

"Tom over there was driving," the spokesman said, as he pointed to the man who had been explaining how the accident had happened.

Tom took up the story as he stepped back to the tunnel mouth. "Coming round the curve in the tunnel, I was," he said, "when I suddenly saw the signal-man at the end. There was no time to reduce my speed and he didn't seem to hear the whistle.

So I shut it off and shouted out to him."

"What did you say?" I asked.

"Hello! Below there! Look out! For pity's sake, clear the way!" Tom replied.

When I heard those words, which had so haunted the signal-man, I shivered. I also began to consider more deeply why, by some strange coincidence, I had used the first of them when greeting him myself.

"It was dreadful," Tom said, and his voice echoed around that gloomy cutting. "I never stopped calling to him. I put an arm before my eyes so as not to see, and waved this arm. But it was no use."

THE END



CREATURES OF THE DEEP PUZZLES

FREAKY FACTS

Sea-snakes have been known to swim together in their millions, forming an amazing mass up to 3m wide and almost 100km long!

SNAKES 'N' ADDERS!

How many writhing, wriggling sea-snakes can you spot?

SINISTER SIX

What do these six words have in common. Look carefully to find out!

fearsome

skeleton
howling
horrible
deathly
frighten

CREEPY CREATURE

Unravel the letters hidden in this riddle (left) to spell a sea-dweller that can create an inky smoke screen!

The first is in SPOOK and also in GHOST
The second's in SPECTRE but not in BOAST
PHANTOM contains the very next pair
The fifth is in CREEPY, you'll soon spot it there
The next is in GHOUL which leaves one to go
Find it in SPIRIT for a creature you'll know!

FASCINATING FACTS

Sightings of mermaids and mermen – yes, both! – have been reported far and wide since ancient times. In the late 12th century, a merman was claimed to have been caught in the sea off Orford, in Suffolk, before supposedly escaping!

SSSSSSSS!
Besides the sea-snakes and barling sea-serpent, what else can you find in this picture that begins with 's'?

HIDDEN HORROR!

Complete these sayings or similes and write the answers in the boxes.

Then rearrange all the shaded letters into something you wouldn't want to meet!

As weak as a

As quiet as a

As brave as a

As happy as a

As slippery as an

As strong as an

FEARSOME FACTS

Giant squid usually live deep beneath the sea. But there are awesome accounts of them attacking and even sinking vessels. Although creatures up to about 18m have been recorded, during the 1940s, one ship reported sighting a mega-monster squid of more than 50m!

TRUE OR FALSE?

Imagination or truth? Read the statements and tick each box, accordingly.

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| a) The Giant squid is the largest animal without a backbone | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| b) The squid has a beak | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| c) Squid only swim slowly | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| d) Sperm whales eat Giant squid | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| e) Squid cannot change colour | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

FASCINATING FACTS

There have been 'Nessie'-type sightings from all over the world. But another, close to our own shores, is that of the 'sea giant' or 'morgawr', seen in Cornish waters during the 1970s. It was even photographed!

ANSWERS

FACT OR FICTION? a) true b) true c) false d) true e) false.
The letters in the shaded squares are rearranged to spell MONSTER!
HIDDEN HORROR: As strong as an ox, as quiet as a mouse, as slippery as a snake, as brave as a lion, as happy as a cat, as weak as a kitten.
GRIEPPY CREATURE: The answer is OCTOPUS.
SQUID: snail, sponge, sand and shrimp.
SEASIDE: seal, shark, shell, seahorse, seagull, starfish, seaweed, ship.
SINISTER SIX: All six words have a three-letter one within them: HORRIBLE, SKELETON, RIGHTEN/RIGHTEN, HOWLING, FEARSOME and DEATHLY.
SNAKES AND ADDERS: There are 17 sea-snakes.

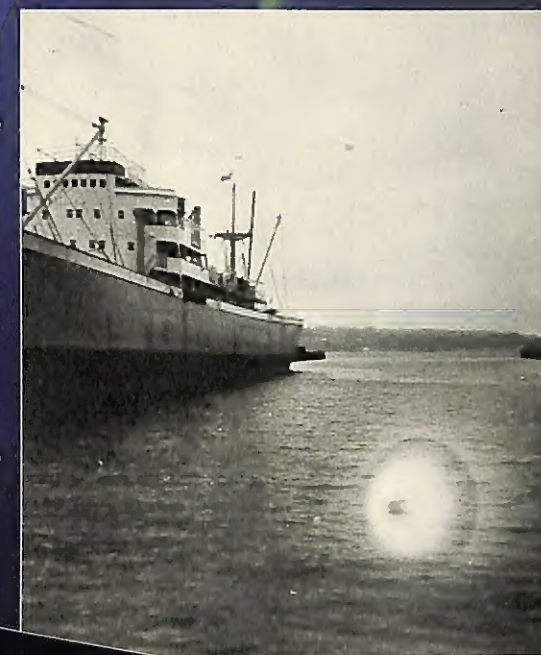


USOs

Alien space ships are not just flying around the skies, according to some folk! There are also reports of Unidentified Submarine Objects (USOs) seen travelling beneath the waves, falling into the sea or bursting out of the briny. But are these sightings likely to be alien spacecraft, or could there be another explanation?

NIGHT LIGHTS

It seems there are several ways you could be fooled into thinking you had seen a USO. The object you see travelling across the sky and entering the sea could be a missile or aircraft crash debris falling from the sky. Or perhaps it could even be a meteorite falling from outer space. Glimpses of an underwater object could always be military craft on secret manoeuvres. But is it always as easy to explain all USO sightings in this way?



◀ **SEATTLE SIGHTING**
Could this light be a small-scale USO, photographed from a pier in Seattle, USA in January 1966?

NOW YOU SEE IT

An intriguing account was reported from a British Navy ship involved in exercises off the coast of Norway in February 1963. A solid, moving object suddenly appeared on the radar screen. It was monitored by two ships, but could not be spotted through binoculars. Jets were sent up to intercept the mystery object but, before they could get within range, the radar showed it changing direction, plummeting downwards at great speed. As soon as it disappeared off the screen, an object travelling at speed in the same direction underwater was picked up by sonar (using the echo of sound waves to detect the presence of objects underwater). It too disappeared suddenly. Although the area was thoroughly searched, nothing was ever found of the mystery craft.



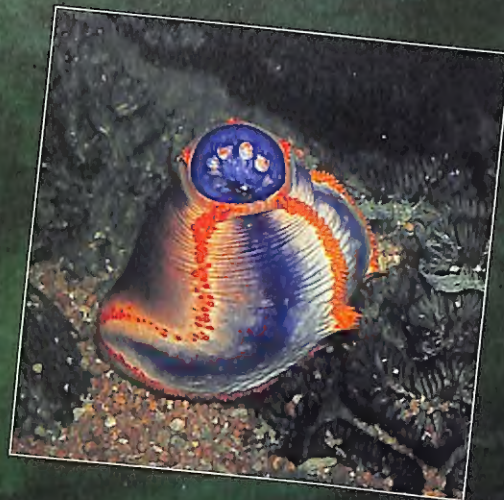
▲ **FIRE FALL**
A meteor streaking towards the ocean could be mistaken for a USO.

GOOD VIBRATIONS

Usually, not a trace of wreckage from these mysterious sightings can be found. However, in July 1984, divers off Lummi Island, Washington, USA discovered a metallic, egg-shaped object on the seabed. They described it as orange or gold coloured. One diver who stood on it could feel it humming. When he surfaced he found traces of red dust on his boots.

The divers returned a few days later to investigate further but the USO had gone!

THE BLOB! ▶
Could this be a USO – an alien life-form finding a little niche for itself deep in our waters? ...'fraid not. It's just a very strange underwater creature called a sea cucumber. Anyone for salad?



▲ FISHED FROM THE DEEP

A rocky boulder, believed to be from Mars, was found in Antarctic waters.

USO SHOWTIME

In Brazil, in November 1980, a USO incident was witnessed by at least 70 people waiting for a ferry at Amapa on the Araguari River. They saw a 4.6-metre round object rise from the river, and hover just above the water for several minutes, before it moved away towards the sea. If this wasn't a case of mass hallucination, what could the explanation be?

SECRET DEPTHS

The depths of the ocean can be very, very deep. In some underwater trenches you can travel down towards the Earth's core for eleven kilometres. And there are still vast areas of the ocean bed that have yet to be explored.

If there was anywhere on our planet where aliens could create a base undetected – under the ocean would probably be their first choice. But how will we ever know?



▲ FROM SKY TO SCREEN
In the film 'Cocoon' (1985), alien life-forms in their pods are found in the sea.

